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A Family Memento

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1. Osgood family

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A FAMILY MEMENTO

BY

WILBUR D. OSGOOD

THE OSGOOD HOME

ELIZABETHTOWN, NEW YORK
1913

DEDICATORY

To the dear old Home—whose history dates back almost a century and runs through one family of which loved ones are gone, whose memories I cannot allow to pass with time—is due this book; designed simply as

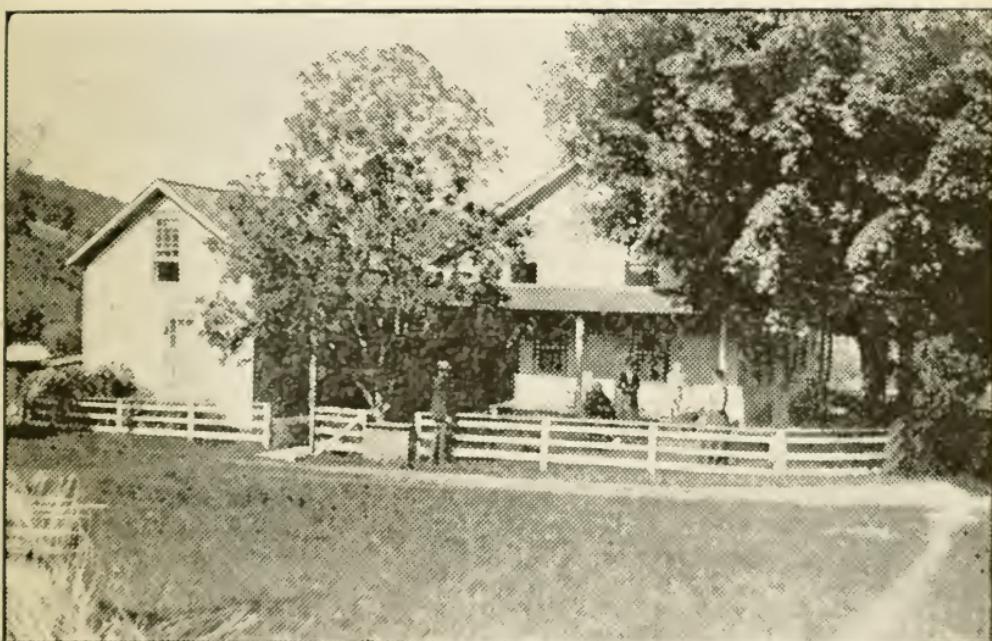
“A Family Memento;”

and affectionately dedicated to my sisters, brother, and their descendants.

C O N T E N T S

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	Pages
The Attractions of Home	9
There is no death	12
Mary R. Osgood	13
Solomon Washington Osgood	19
Warren B. Osgood	21
Clement C. Osgood	27
Mrs. Anna (Bates) Osgood	32-63. 72
Expressions of Mother in Prayer	64
Addresses of Surviving Members of the Family	65
Life Typified by Nature	74
Step by Step	76
True Greatness	78
Kindness	81
Home	83
Friendship	86
The Mountains	90
The Brook and Life	92
"Thy Will Be Done"	93



HOME IN THE SUMMER OF 1900

'Tis Home the place of fragrance sweet
At which on earth we love to meet
Until upon the golden shore
We welcome Home forevermore.

The Attractions of Home.

Probably no scenes and events are so generally well and pleasantly remembered as those connected with the childhood home. None are greener than those in the memory of my mother, who is in her 97th year; and on those she is fond of conversing. It is to early scenes that my memory often turns; and the past which reappears will ever endear the place called home. It is thus I see myself, a child and a youth, in connection with pleasing events, which render the present under tribute to the past. And by the past, I also see how the associations of life in clustering, from first to last, around one place have strengthened attachment to same. In this may be noted an exception to the many who, like birds, are early flown from the mother's nest.

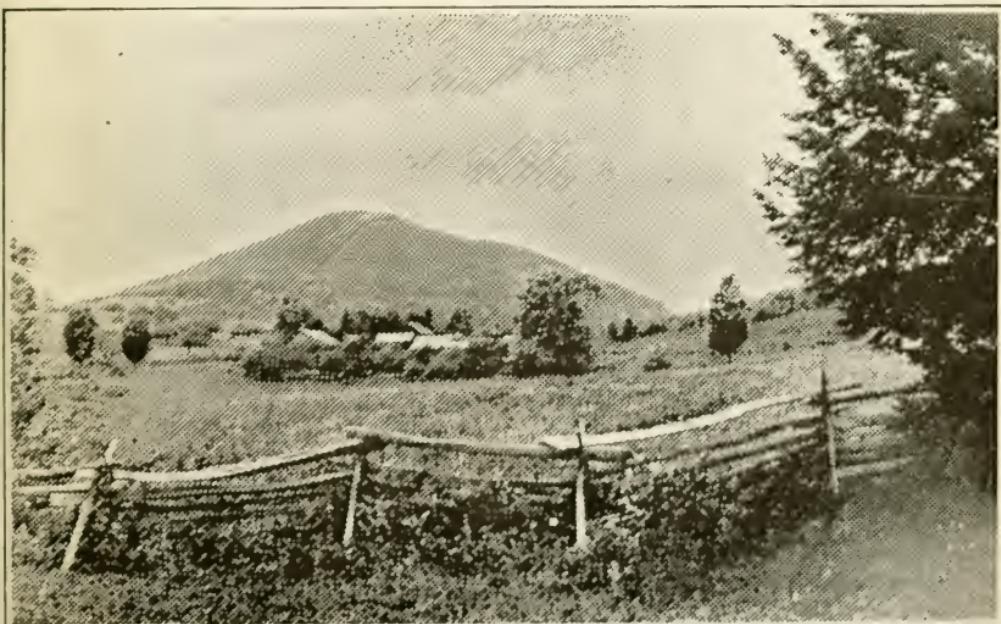
Man can do much, and can affect a fine mansion with beautiful surroundings; but not the associations of home, which may draw to a humble cottage despite the attractions of a palace; nor can be the scenery of mountains, hills, valleys, plains; and these I have shared as a precious heritage.

Very much I have appreciated the scenery on which my eyes have always rested. And a painting exactly representing it would be a choice possession. But next to

this, is to have it photographed on the eye of the mind, which, I think, I have, for the impression has long been taking.

The principal part of this scenery is the western mountains under which nestles the village of Elizabethtown. Looking at these at all seasons and times, they seem most beautiful in summer foliage, on a clear day and at evening arched by a gilded sky. But ever are they the grand, beautiful range of Adirondack mountains, furnishing a scene which to the writer will, no doubt, remain incomparable, if, indeed, such can be found elsewhere.

There is value in home surroundings according to kind and susceptibility to same. Wordsworth speaks of the country maiden who dwells amid the loveliness of rural scenes "till beauty born of murmuring sounds did pass into her face." And thus we may believe that through admiration of grand scenery and beautiful surroundings, they leave an impress on the soul.



Home Scenery. The Osgood Farm and Mt. Raven, Adirondacks.

"There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread,
And bears our best loved ones away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate;
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers,
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers."

Mary R. Osgood.

Mary Rhoda, eldest child of Solomon W. and Anna (Bates) Osgood, was born March 2, 1834, at Elizabethtown, New York.

As a child she thought, acted and played; but was of modest, sweet spirit; studious mind and dutiful to her parents.

As one of many incidents in her early childhood told by her mother, we relate the following:

On a Sunday morning she heard her grandmother read from the Bible how for gathering sticks on the Sabbath to make a fire a man was stoned to death. And when a little later the fire was low in the fireplace and her grandfather, not succeeding with bellows to start it, said: "Mary, run out and pick up some chips!" She did not start, but said: "I ain't going out to pick up sticks on Sunday and be stoned to death."

At the age of eight she came under conviction; and, having knelt in the snow of winter to pray, was made joyous through a new heart and the Savior's love. From that time she sat, like Mary the sister of Martha, at the feet of Jesus to learn of Him. She studied the Bible and was heard to repeat passages of Scripture in her sleep. Having

united with the Church, she was heard there in prayer; and also (which was then according to custom) at the day school when requested. Of the latter it has been said: "When Mary Osgood prayed, we felt like sinners."

But her life was not to be long; and on a May day in 1847, having returned from school, she remarked that she would never again attend school, and her words followed true. Consumption was soon in evidence which, resisting medical treatment, caused hopes of her recovery to decline. Then followed a severe trial for her mother, it seeming to her as though she could not give her up, nor say, "Thy will be done." But the Lord undertook her case and, while praying, Christ was so revealed to her that, no longer desiring to keep Mary, she said, "Take her Lord;" and could weep no tears at her death, for God had wiped them from her eyes. However, two weeks after in a letter she writes: "O how much I loved my first born, the name of Mary lingers with a charm upon my ear, my mind dwells with a sort of pleasure upon that form I loved so well."

Previous to the experience stated she thought she ought to introduce the subject of death to Mary, respecting which we quote same letter.

"I had never told her I thought she would not get well. I went into her room. You may judge what my feeling might be, going to talk with a child about dying. I asked her if she did not think she would never get well, her answer was, 'Sometimes I think so.' I asked her how she felt about dying. She said she was willing if the Lord would fully prepare her. After this she talked familiarly about death.

As to how the Lord prepared her we will show.

First from her obituary:

"She was found waiting for her change, and, through grace and mercy, was enabled to anticipate her departure and to converse about death and eternity with as much composure and joy as the homeward bound traveler talks of his intended journey."

Second, the mother's letter:

"Not one murmur, fretful or peevish word fell from her lips. I never saw such perfect patience and Christian fortitude manifested. She exhorted people that visited her to meet her in heaven. She had the children called into her room a number of times to give them her dying counsel. She distributed her books to them; three bibles, a testament and two hymn books and some others."

On a Saturday afternoon as her mother was preparing the elements for a Methodist love-feast and a communion service, Mary spoke of how she would like to be in love-feast. Her mother said: "Mary you have been in a good many love-feasts for one so young." "I know it," she replied, "but I never loved as I do now."

Sunday morning dawned, and her father went to call Charlotte Ingraham (a girl who lived in the family) and on returning Mary called. "Pa come here! I want to tell you something—When you were on the stairs calling Charlotte, I—" Here she stopped and after unsuccessful attempts to tell something asked, "Do you know why I can't tell it?"

It is not unreasonable credulity to think that she had a vision or revelation which was not for her to communicate.

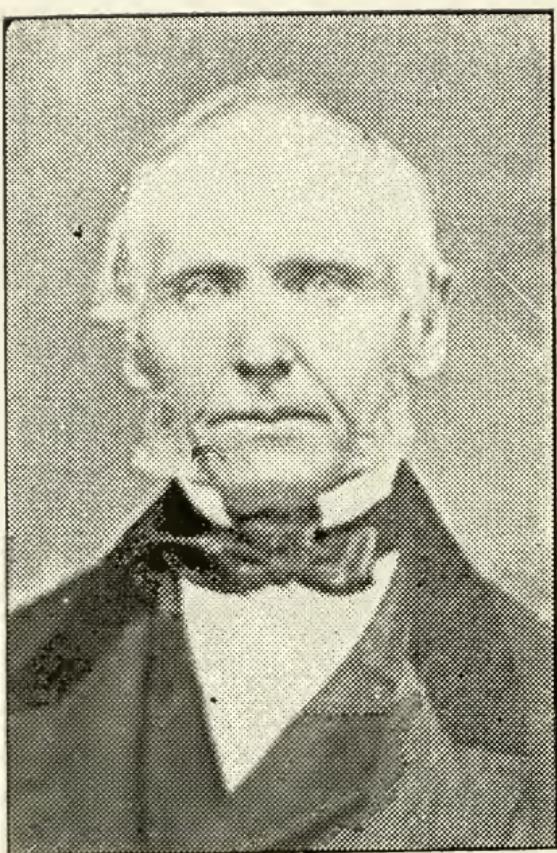
At that time she was changed as from glory to glory; for an inspiration had come to her and a halo of glory surrounded her. And, though dying of lung disease, her voice was loud and strong. But we will hear the mother tell of last scenes.

"The night before she died and until she died she was made so perfectly happy in God that her countenance shone with brightness. She looked more like flying away than like dying; more like a glorified spirit than a mortal on earth. Through the night she would say, 'Ma, Jesus is very near me.' In the morning her voice changed, she talked louder than when she was well, kept saying every few minutes, 'I am almost in heaven'. Said she was dying --how happy I am!" Talked until the last moment, bade us all good-bye, took hold of grandpa's hand, said she was almost in heaven: 'Grandpa, will you meet me there!' She sat upon the side of the bed most of this time without my assistance, She said: 'Lord Jesus come quickly,' laid her head down upon the pillow, shut her eyes as if falling into a gentle sleep and was done breathing."

Thus, at a quarter of ten on Sunday morning, Nov. 28, 1847, in the 14th year of her age, passed from earth to heaven Mary R. Osgood. But it was said that, like Samson, she slew more in her death than in her life.

Martha M. Osgood, { born April 9th 1846
 } Died July 21st 1847

She was plucked a flower so sweet and fair
As fitting to garland the home over there.



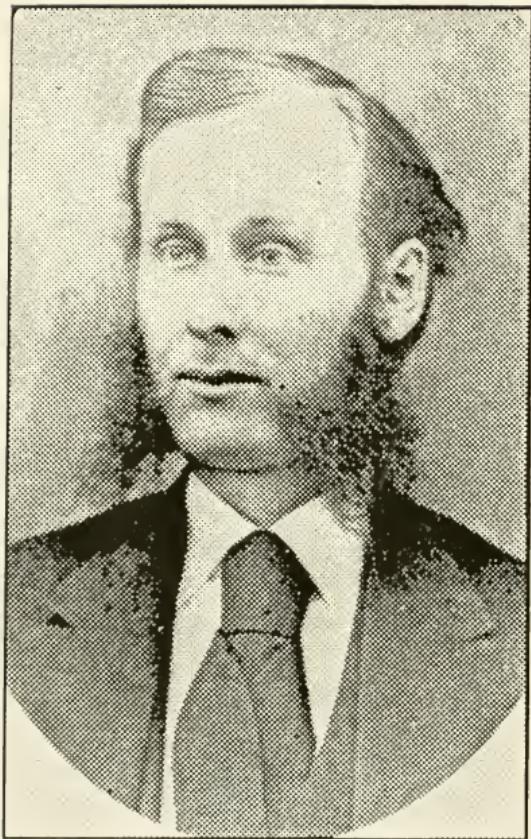
Solomon Washington Osgood

Solomon Washington Osgood.

In this town, after an illness of many months, which he bore with remarkable meekness, resignation and fortitude, Solomon Washington Osgood, aged 72 years.

Mr. Osgood was a life-long resident of this town, and in early manhood became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this village, and continued to the end unwavering, consistent, earnest and sincere in his religious profession and belief. The religious society of which he was a conspicuous member, will deeply feel his loss. His family, which was carefully trained by precept and example, will, in their affliction, derive comfort from the reflection that his teaching and the tenor of his life always pointed to the future, for the sure reward of the Christian's labors and perseverance here; and taught them not only to hope but to confidently expect a happy reunion in the world beyond the grave. The sympathy of our whole community will go out to the bereaved partner of his pilgrimage, who, while she shared the joys and sorrows of his life here, also largely and intelligently shared in his hopes and Christian reliance on the future world.

The funeral services will be held on Friday at the M.E. Church at 12 o'clock.—Elizabethtown Post, Feb. 5, 1880.



Warren B. Osgood

Warren B. Osgood.

Warren Bates Osgood was born at the Osgood Home February 5, 1844.

Of scenes which recall his early childhood we can hardly let pass that of Christmas morning when he had not quite the self-denial to forego eating his candy during time of family prayers; but, not to be thought the only transgressor, passed it to the other children saying, "Take some!"

(And here I must say that few scenes have left on my mind so vivid and pleasing an imagery of early childhood as that of Christmas morning. It is the old-fashioned fire-place with its blazing fire; the filled stockings hanging above it; the happy children who are so delighted in taking them down and discovering their contents by light of the fire, under delusion that Santa Claus came down the chimney to make presents.)

But another incident, recalled by his mother, occurred on a winter Sunday, when becoming restless under parental restraint to keep the Sabbath he said: "I wonder if God Almighty will see me if I slide down hill once." And taking his sled he slid down hill.

A later incident that in connection with he is remembered by some of his old schoolmates, took place on a school day when one of their number so carelessly

threw a ball that it broke glass of a store, and, wishing to escape responsibility, they told Warren Osgood to go home. saying, "We can lie, but you can't."

To say that he "increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man," is simply and truly expressing his life. At the age of eleven he was soundly converted while praying in time of family prayers. He attended school, making as a scholar a good record—especially in mathematics.

In the summer of his 18th year he had a most severe illness; and that he survived it, was beyond expectation and a marvel. Not long after he expressed to his mother that he thought he ought to preach. She replied, "Your father and I have thought so for some time." "O then," said he, "why did you not tell me so? It would have been such a relief to me to have known it."

The church also felt that it was his duty to preach.

In the next two or three years, he taught school to fill vacancy on Simonds Hill, taught at Schroon, after which he attended Fort Edward Institute.

In the summer of 1864 and 21st year of his age, he went West to attend school preparatory for the ministry. But having to aid himself financially, he taught school in Sangamon County, Illinois, until the following March. Of events during this period is that he received license to preach February 11. Concerning which he writes: "At the Quarterly Meeting Conference they gave me a license to preach. And I feel the responsibility resting upon me to be very great. May the Lord help me to do every duty that he has enjoined upon me in his fear. In God is my

trust." And at Berlin, Sangamon County, February 28, he preached his first sermon from Luke 17:25.

On March 3rd he entered Northwestern University, joining the Greek and Latin classes and studying Moral Science; and later reporting hard work, but fair progress.

From his diary following this time we reproduce a few notes.

April 19th. Today I attended the funeral services of our noble President of Springfield, who was killed by an assassin at Washington.

May 1st. Went to the City of Chicago. It was the day for the funeral cortege and Lincoln's corpse to arrive. A great multitude was there, thousands upon tens of thousands. It is impossible for an individual to form any correct idea of the vastness of the multitude. The procession was over three hours marching through. I saw Gen. Hooker and a number other noted military men I saw two regiments of soldiers. The greatest number of soldiers I ever saw at any one time. The people of Chicago had the City fixed off very neatly. I am not sorry that I went.

June the 17th. Today Bro. Smith was drowned and I came very near sharing the same. Bro. Smith, Bro. Plested and myself went out into the Lake bathing. We all wandered on quite a distance from shore and started to come back. I commenced swimming toward the shore and after a little stopped, but found I could not touch bottom, so kept on swimming until I became nearly exhausted, then I hallooed for help, but no help came. In a short time I saw Plested, I asked him for help, he said he could

not help. I knew then that we were in a pretty bad fix. Soon I caught up with him, as I came up near him I saw Smith sinking, he told me not to let Smith clinch hold of me, he did not Plested had been helping Smith until he became so exhausted that he could not help him any longer. After a little he reached out his arm and assisted me a little and told me to keep cool and to swim easy. I did so and after a little we got where we could touch bottom. But Bro. Smith was drowned and it was just all that I could do to escape We raised the alarm and it was nearly three hours before we found the corpse, then it had floated ashore

The 20th. This afternoon Bro. Smith's funeral was held. Bishop Simpson delivered the funeral oration.

(My brother—speaking of this incident years after said that he had given up expectation of saving himself and would have drowned had not the thought of home, which then came to him, stimulated him to special effort. Also that all the things of his past life came vividly to his remembrance)

Sept. 4th. I received a paper from home stating the death of Hon. O. Kellogg. He was one of the smartest men in Elizabethtown. How often we are admonished of our own mortality. O, how can a person bear the thought of living in an unprepared state.

God help me to watch and pray and on thyself rely.

(Many are the expressions of devotion as follows:)

"I am let to see more and more the necessity of living entirely for God. I tell you it does me good to get out among Christian people. I like to preach when I know

there are Christians praying for me. I love to work and labor for God. It is glorious."

The October following he took a school four miles from Springfield which he taught into the next summer. And evidently intended returning to Northwestern University at Evanston; but not escaping the fever and ague, which was then prevalent in that section, he was turned, by ill health and his mother's earnest entreaties, to come East. And after attending Concord Biblical Institute, New Hampshire, one year he attended Boston University School of Theology until graduating in 1872. After being transferred from New Hampshire Conference to that of Troy in 1873, his appointments were as follows: Pawling Ave., Troy; Cheshire, Mass.; Stamford, Vt.; Ausable Forks, N. Y.; and Bristol, Vt.

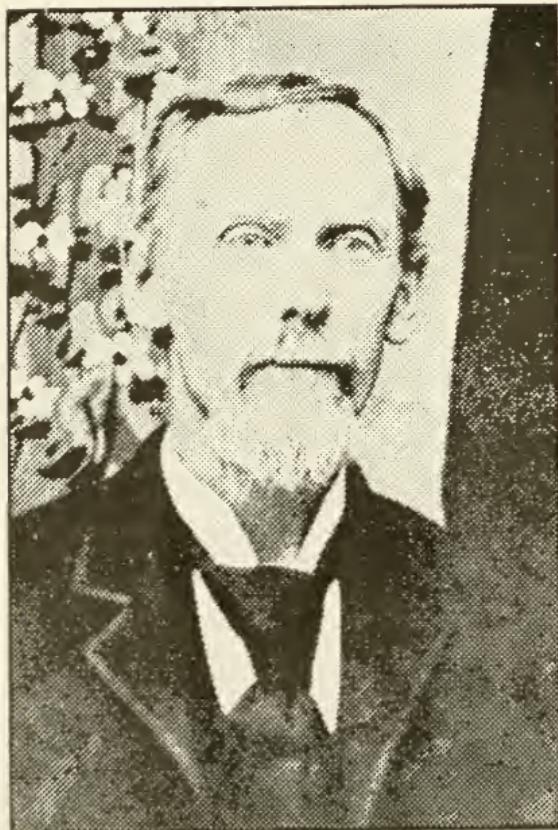
In November of 1873, he married Elizabeth J. Kelley of Boston. She died in Germany Nov. 17, 1908. An only daughter survives, Gertrude, wife of Theophilus Liefeld, former American consul.

While earnestly serving his last charge he was taken of illness, which after having developed meningitis of the brain, he survived three days; and, having been sick about ten days, died on Monday, August 17, 1880, aged 36 years.

One who had known him from childhood on hearing of his death said: "Warren Osgood was a man without guile." And the words were truthfully spoken, for his was a life to which guile of any kind was foreign; while it impersonated unselfishness, candor, cheerfulness, kindness, humility. And wherever he was known, these qualities won him friends.

Although of mild disposition, he held a religion of little account which did not save from unholy tempers.

During his last illness (in delirium) he preached, touching largely on the beautiful City with its pearly gates, which was, in fact, his eternal home.



Clement C. Osgood

Clement C. Osgood.

Died, at his home six miles north of Sheldon, Ia., June 18, 1897, aged 59 years, 11 months and 13 days. Mr. Osgood has been in poor health for some time, but none of his family or immediate friends thought the end so near. The physicians who treated him were baffled to know the exact cause of his ailment, and not until about a week before his death was it known that his case was hopeless, being cancer or tumor of the intestines. He died peacefully, as he had always lived, trusting in an eternal home.

Mr. Osgood was born at Elizabethtown, Essex County, N. Y., July 5, 1837, was carefully reared by loving Christian parents and years of his minority were devoted to them. At the age of 20 he was united in marriage to May M. Merrill and a year later with his wife left his native town to seek more promising fields in the West. Coming to Iowa he first settled in Clayton County, but a year later removed to Butler County, where they lived for three years. He came to his present home in Oseeola County in the fall of 1871 and homesteaded, and for several years fought the reverses of a new, unpopulated and drought-stricken country until the tide changed which brought prosperity to this portion of Iowa. By persistent efforts

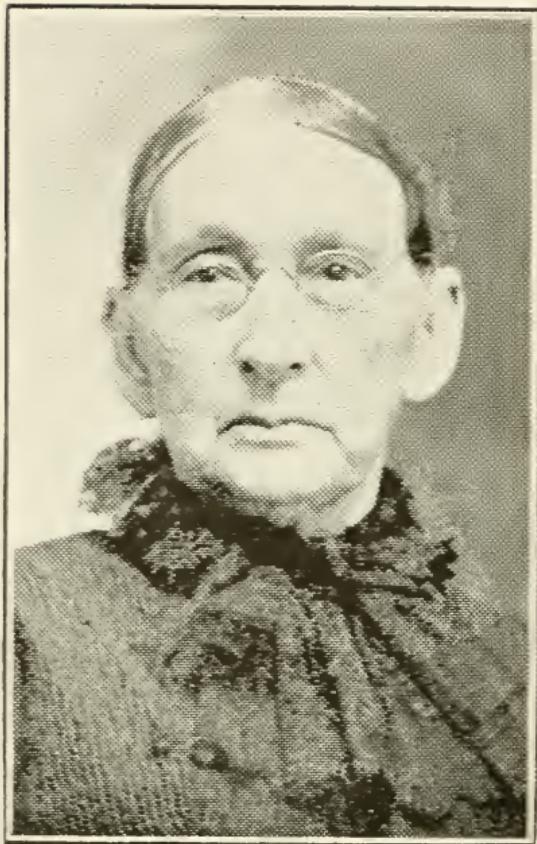
and determination he accumulated in later years considerable possessions and a good home.

He was honored and respected by all who knew him for his strong manly principles, integrity and honest dealings. He was a devoted husband and a kind and indulgent father. He leaves a wife and five children, Milo, Maud, Wilbur, Hattie and Clifford, to mourn his loss. His sister, Mrs H. M. Carter, of Sioux City, was with him when he died. His mother, two brothers and three sisters are still living in New York State, and who also mourn his unexpected death.

The funeral was held at the family residence at 2 o'clock p. m Sunday, June 20, and the body was interred in the cemetery at Sheldon. There was a large concourse of friends and neighbors who followed his remains to the grave and laid them in their last resting place.—The Mail, Sheldon, Iowa.



(1906) Mrs. Anna Osgood; Daughter, Emma F. Wilson; Son, Wilbur.



Mrs. Anna Osgood at 86.



At 97 With Daughter and Great-
Granddaughter.

Mrs. Anna (Bates) Osgood.

Anna Bates, born at Oppenheim, New York, February 15, 1814, was third of eight children of Samuel and Mehetabel (Bean) Bates—four of whom died at great age, but Anna at greatest. Only one now survives—Mary Franklin, at 89, of Hammond, New York.

The father was a man of unquestioned morals—strict in the observance of Sunday, but not a professed Christian. The mother experienced religion when quite along in life. She was born in 1787 and died in 1864.

The father died of malarial fever at 38, leaving a wife with eight children. Anna who was at that time about 14, went and lived until 19 with her uncle Bean, a doctor. Of her uncle, she spoke well; but affirmed that she did not receive of her aunt the privileges commonly accorded children. Although she had formerly done well in school, she was not allowed to attend school, but kept steadily at work. An instance of her aunt's severity was that she had her spinning-wheel removed from a room which afforded opportunity of looking out at a window to one which did not that she might not be diverted from work.

At the age of 14 she came under conviction, through the teaching and exhortations of a very spiritual Sunday-

school teacher, and, with the words following her—"Ye must be born again" went into the woods and, dropping on her knees, prayed the publican's prayer—"God be merciful to me a sinner" Thereupon the peace of God filled her soul; and she was so made anew in Christ that even nature, she said, seemed a new creation.

Thus converted, she kept the grace of God and came to be a pillar in the Church of which she was a member 76 years, and served as Class-leader and steward; also for 40 consecutive years as Bible class teacher in Sunday-school.

Regarding her Christian life, few probably hearing her pray would not be impressed with the fervency and inspiration of her prayer. While acquaintance with her would disclose that she had remarkable insight and faith in the Bible, which she greatly loved; and that her character, established on it, was unswervingly strong. Indeed, the words of Christ: "I am the way, the truth, and the life," were not only often on her lips, but attested by her life.

The last two or three years of her life, which were very wearisome through weakness, blindness and infirmities, were characterized by Christian patience and fortitude. During the last two months that she lived she could take scarcely any nourishment and got very weak; but retained her mind until beclouded by congestion of the brain about four days before her death Previous to those days she often expressed a desire to go and when hearing "Face to Face" her soul would seem to mount in anticipation.

On her 70th birthday, when given a surprise party and about thirty of her old friends gathered, making her very nice presents, a letter from her daughter, Jennette P. Emmes, was read as follows:

Sheldon, Iowa. February 15, 1884

My Dear Mother:

When I received Emma's letter, telling me that there was to be a gathering of friends, on your birthday, that it was to be unexpected to you, and as I could not be there would I aid in the surprise by writing a letter.

Sorrow, and sadness, took such a hold of me, that I was so far from my dear old home, could not even visit you on this grand occasion.

So many things have crowded into my mind, persons, time, and places, such a mixture of childhood, womanhood, down to old age. But uppermost of all these, just now is the *one fact*, that my mother is *seventy years* old, To say, that I cannot realize it, but faintly expresses my feelings.

My *Mother* seventy years old; O; no it cannot be. I used to think *seventy years* meant old age, but I think I have changed my mind. It does not seem just as it used to. There is a different ring to it.

Among the many memories of my childhood days, this comes to my mind to day, showing how differently we used to consider what constitutes old age.

I remember standing by your side one Sabbath morning, as you stood front of the looking-glass (it was the one in the clock door, in what we then called the kitchen) ty-

ing your bonnet, for church. You turned to me, and said, "Jennette, did you know that your mother was old, yes I am forty years old, I am on the down hill side of life." How sad I felt, *my mother growing old.* O; how could I have it so. I had hardly thought till then, but that my mother was to live *on and on.* Well that was *thirty* years ago, almost a generation. *Seventy years* is not more startling to me now. than forty was at that time.

Let this, your seventieth birthday be a joyful day, dear mother; let all care and anxiety be put away, and, as your thoughts run back over the past, take note, how much that has been good and pleasant, has been yours to enjoy. But alas; these seventy years have not come and gone without leaving some sad foot-prints in the sands of *time*. How fondly had I hoped, that my dear father and you would live to welcome your *golden anniversary*, but this hope was not to be realized, and to-day I know that you will think of him, how these anniversaries bring back the dead. No, we will not call them dead, passed over before us. Fathers leaving us, was so *gradual*, we saw him going, so gently, so quietly, we saw him letting loose of this world, we saw him as it were stepping into heaven. Truly it was like the shock of grain fully ripe. But what a wound it left in our hearts, and while we were *trying* to submit, ere six months had passed the wound, that had commenced to heal, now bled afresh, I never shall forget, your letter, that brought the news. You wrote, "My boy, my *darling boy* is dead. I was not prepared for it. I prepared for father's death, but not for Warren's." How those words went down into my heart,

what an exhortation, to be prepared, for all that God calls us to endure.

But I must not dwell here. We never could understand it, but we *do* know that God is *all wise* and we can trust Him.

How I have wished and longed to be with you to-day. It would be such a pleasure, to grasp you by the hand; look into your loving eyes, and hear my dear mother's voice calling me by name. But mother; you will think of the absent ones to-day. Four of us, you have near you, whom you see occasionally, three of us are in the far West, Lakes, Rivers, and *vast Prairies* separate us, and *three* in the church yard lie

But to-day *Dear Mother*, are we not all present: this is *festive day*—this is *my mother's birthday*. I will twine a wreath of *sweet memories*, and place it on her brow, *never* to be removed. And mother; as you gather round the festive board, to partake of the bounty, so amply, and so beautifully supplied—remember my seat was next to you, at your left. I am the oldest daughter, but let it not be empty “lest evil be determined,” but let it be occupied by someone who loves my mother, so that no inquiry shall be made for the absent daughter.

Mother dear; may you live many more years, your children need you, they need your counsels, your sympathy, yes your prayers, long as my mother lives, I feel that she prays for me. Think not that your work is done, not till the Master says “it is enough, come up higher.”

Your loving daughter,

Jeanette

Birthday 92nd.

(The Elizabethtown Post, Feb. 15, 1906.)

1814--1906

Anna Bates was born in Montgomery County, N. Y., Feb. 15, 1814, almost 7 months before the Battle of Plattsburgh was fought. Feb. 26, 1833, she married Solomon Washington Osgood, the ceremony being performed in the town of Hammond, St. Lawrence County, N. Y. In September, 1833, Mr. and Mrs. Osgood came to what is known as the Osgood farm just east of this village and there lived happily together until the death of the former, Feb. 3, 1880. Since the death of her husband Mrs. Osgood has resided on the old farm and to-day her life-clock strikes fourscore and twelve.

Of her large family of children there survive Mrs. Jennette P. Emnes, Mrs. Gertrude A. Church, Starks S. Osgood, Mrs. Emma F. Wilson, Mrs. Theressa A. Carter and Wilbur D. Osgood. The faithful facial likeness of the venerable lady given above will be recognized by hundreds of our readers. This good old lady has for three quarters of a century kept her heart in the love

of God and walked in the sunshine of Christ's countenance. To-day as we congratulate her we know that her "Indian Summer" is the most golden period of a life consecrated to Him who bought us with His most precious blood.

"Eye hath not seen—tongue hath not told
And ear hath not heard it sung,
How buoyant and fresh—though it seems to grow old,
Is a heart forever young."

WORDS BY A. S. CLARK.

Another birthday, mother dear;
Another happy, golden year
Crowns life's extreme to-day.
A monument of Grace alone;
How hath His loving favor shown
Upon thee all the way?

So full of usefulness thy life,
The loving mother, faithful wife,
The precious Christian friend.
All welcome an event so rare;
All would some tender message bear,
Some sweet, fond greeting send.

The mellow glow of even tide
Yet lingers and thy days abide
Still, still to bless us here.
O, could it be our Father's will
Our prayer would be to spare thee till
The century so near.

But here or there, He knows what's best,
And in His love our all to rest
Is Heaven on earth begun.
May peaceful days be thine before
Until thy feet shall tread the shore,
Where waits a glad well done.

Birthday 95th.

(The Elizabethtown Post, Feb. 18, 1908.)

Mrs. Anna Osgood of Elizabethtown, Who Celebrated Her 95th Birthday Monday.

Editor of the Post:

On Monday of this week I made what was, in many respects, the most remarkable visit of my lifetime. It was a call at the home of our oldest resident, Mrs. S. W. Osgood, the occasion being the ninety-fifth anniversary of her birth.

At the time of her birth, William E. Gladstone and Abraham Lincoln were little five year old boys. Mrs. Osgood is in fairly good health and in full enjoyment of her mental faculties. She knows her Bible from cover to cover, still has a great interest in the good work in which she enlisted eighty-one years ago, and still has remarkable power in exhortation and prayer. "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."

C. W. S. Becker.

Birthday 96th.

(The Elizabethtown Post, Feb. 17, 1910)

Mrs. Anna Osgood, Who Celebrated Her 96th Birthday at Her Home Here in Elizabethtown Tuesday.

Above we give a faithful picture of Elizabethtown's grand old lady, Mrs Anna Osgood, widow of the late Solomon Washington Osgood, who celebrated the 96th anniversary of her birth Tuesday, she having been born in Montgomery County, N. Y., Feb. 15, 1814, almost 7 months before the Battle of Plattsburgh was fought. She came to Elizabethtown a charming bride in 1833 and has since resided here in a place which she has always called beautiful for situation, girt about as it is with mountains like Jerusa-

lem of old. She enjoys the distinction of being the only surviving charter member of the Elizabethtown Methodist Church. Mrs. Osgood is a woman whose faithful, consistent Christianity has, notwithstanding her quiet life here in a little mountain bordered hamlet, spread its influence far and wide, men and women from Maine to California and from the snows of Canada to the warm waves of the Gulf of Mexico, acknowledging that they have received inspiration and help through the instrumentality of her prayers and general faithfulness.

Tuesday morning we called upon Mrs. Osgood, as is our custom on her birthday. We found her well and happy, patiently waiting for the end, meanwhile thankful for the manifold blessings she has enjoyed. Her life has been ideal, as she formerly worked hard, earning the right to rest in the evening.

Of her family there is with her this winter her youngest son Wilbur D. Osgood and her youngest daughter Mrs. Theressa A. Carter, who see to her daily wants like dutiful children. *Well may children take pains for such a mother.*

Tuesday morning Mrs. Osgood received the following greeting:

Round Lake, Feb. 16, 1910.

We'd love to greet you once more here
Upon this earthly shore;
We'd love your aged way to cheer
On to the evermore.

Our Father who life's bounds doth fix,
Hath brought you on your way
Until, behold! at ninety-six
You're with your friends to-day.

Sincerely. Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Clark.

Birthday 97th.

To Mrs. Anna Osgood on her Ninety-Seventh Birthday, Feb.
15, 1911.

Ninety and seven the bell doth say,
Since forth upon thy pilgrim way
Thou dids't life's march begin!
Up hoary steeps where few have trod:
On toward the city of thy God;
Life's glad well done to win.

Ninety and seven! long earnest years
When joys have mingled oft with tears,
With patient, trustful tread.
Again and yet again thy part,
With throbbing brow and aching heart,
To weep beside thy dead.

Ninety and seven! all years of love,
For God, thy precious Friend above
Who notes the sparrow's fall
Hath richly every need supplied:
His angel ever at thy side
To answer trouble's call.

Ninety and seven of blessed life;
Each year a victor in the strife
Where star-decked crowns are won.
Long, long the conflict! yet each year
Of prayerful toil and waiting here
Adds to the last well done.

Ninety and seven! so near the gate
Within whose ways thy loved ones wait,
And He who died for thee.
'Tis God's sweet purpose holds thee here,
Some service high, some mission dear,
Ah! beautiful 'twill be.

Ninety and seven! Our wills would say.
Still Father let Thy servant stay
Upon this nether shore.
Then, when the bell shall strike for thee
In joyful peal thy century,
Pass to the evermore.

Hampton, N. Y., Feb. 13th, 1911.

Birthday 98th.

(The Elizabethtown Post, Feb. 15, 1912)

Mrs. Anna Osgood 98 Today.

Today we all, despite the cold weather, take off our hats to Mrs. Anna Osgood, who is generally recognized as a good old lady in every sense of the words. In fact she has fully earned the title "Elizabethtown's grand old lady" and we all feel like saying:

Here's a greeting to you, in one voice the whole town,
From the aged gray beard to the cradle right down.

To Mrs. Anna Osgood on her 98th Birthday, Februar-y 15, 1912.

By Rev. A. S. Clark.

Hail thou most favored one today
Still pressing on thy upward way,
So near thy Century!
Midst sacred, solemn heights of time
Still earnest in thy quest sublime,
That City, fair, to see.

Like Canaan from grand Nebo's brow,
The land of thy chief hopes e'en now
 Unfolds its glories rare,
And gazing far is faith's clear eye
On scenes beyond earth's starlit sky,
 Where friends and loved ones are.

O matchless Grace! O wondrous power
That hath preserved thee till this hour—
 Years seen by pilgrims few!
Thy Father ever at thy side,
A Friend, a Counselor, a Guide,
 Thy whole life journey through.

In all thy joys, in all thy fears,
The same unchanging love appears
 In blessings on thy head,
And where thy paths were rough and steep
And heart was sad and eyes did weep
 Thy way with flowers spread.

How hath thy life confirmed His Word
That they who make their trust the Lord
 “Shall as Mt. Zion be!”
From dangers, trials, cares of life
And warfares with which earth is rife,
 Thy song is Victory.

God has some purpose high and dear
In holding thee, thy crown so near,
Without the pearly gate.
They serve who only do stand still,
Submissive to the Father's will,
And His commands await.

Thy life to faithfulness inspires;
Gives birth to holier desires
In hearts, to do and be.
Were it for thee in both worlds best
We'd pray may'st thou, dear saint, be blest
To see thy century.

Hampton, N. Y.

Schoharie, N. Y., 2, 6, '12

Dear Sister Osgood:

Twenty-eight years ago—can it be so long?—we had a *little*—or *big* birthday party for *you*. That was the 15th of February, 1884. What changes have we seen! Praise God, we are both spared to the present hour.

I wish I could be present on the 15th of this month. However, receive congratulations from myself and Mrs. Kerr. "The Lord bless thee and keep thee."

With Christian greetings,

Geo. A. Kerr

Williamstown, Mass, Feb. 13, 1912

My Dear Sister Osgood:

Please accept the united Christian love of Miss Ambrose, Mrs. Booth and myself; wishing you *many* happy returns of your birthday.

It seems a long time since we saw you and had the pleasure of listening to your fervent prayers and your valuable testimonies.

The "Post" has been sent to me, ever since I was moved from Elizabethtown, so I have kept in touch with the Church work of the town.

I have also read some very interesting references to you, that have occasionally appeared in the paper.

The Lord has blessed me in my work. I am still preaching the evangelical truth and am trying to lead men to Christ. This is a worldly age, but I have great faith in God and know we shall eventually "win out."

Please remember us to Mr. Osgood, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Emmes and Mrs. Hill, also to any of our friends you meet.

Wishing you a good time, assuring you, we shall be with you in spirit.

Sincerely yours,

Joseph C. Booth.

Willsboro, N. Y. Feb. 15, 1912.

Dear Sister Osgood:

We remember that this is your 98th birthday. Mrs. Becker, Waldo and Helen join me in extending congratulations. You are late in reaching Heaven and we are glad. We want you to delay your going for some years yet. You will have all eternity for residence in the mansion He has gone to prepare. I do not wonder that at times you are eager to go, but the world needs you a little longer. With Very Best Wishes.

Your Former Pastor,

(Rev.) C. W. S. Becker.

North Chatham, N. Y. Feb. 12, 1912.

My Dear Sister Osgood:

I wish I might extend in person my congratulations on your 98th birthday. But time and distance are prohibitive of such a pleasure.

I have not the gift of the poet to express my good wishes in verse. I shall have to leave that to Bro. Clark. But in humble prose I congratulate you that you are so near the century mark and I desire if God will, that you may reach it, nay go beyond it.

I congratulate you that you have lived the life, the *only* life really worth living, a life of faith on the Son of God—and this has made your life pre-eminently useful and fruitful in good work in the home, the church and in the work.

Your life was a blessing to me in those early years of my ministry—and has furnished me good illustrations for sermons in my late ministry.

Again let me congratulate you on the approach of another natal day. With much esteem and affection.

I am yours in Christ,

(Rev.) E. L. Arnold.

21 North River Avenue

Albany, N. Y. Feb. 8, 1912.

Mrs. Ann Osgood,

Elizabethtown, N. Y.

My Dear Mother Osgood:

Fifty-six years ago when my dear father was your honored pastor I first knew you. You have been ever since then an honored and useful member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Elizabethtown and how long before I do not know. It would be too bad therefore to let the ninety-eighth anniversary of your birth pass with-

out sending you at least a word of congratulation. You have been spared to your family and the church for a wonderful number of years, and have filled them all with sunshine and usefulness. May God ever continue to bless you.

Cordially Yours

(Rev. D D) Joel W. Eaton.

February 13th, 1912.

Mrs. Ann Osgood,
Elizabethtown, N. Y.
My Dear Sister:

It is a great pleasure to add my congratulations to those of your many friends who will on this Ninety-Eighth anniversary, bring to you most cordial greetings. I only regret that I am so far away that I can not present them in person. Ever since I used to pass by your home on my way to and from the church at Elizabethtown, and enjoy your delightful Christian hospitality, I have remembered the date and as it approached I have inquired about you.

It is customary on such an occasion to think and speak of the past. The thought of the ninety-eight years naturally brings up many scenes and experiences. We look back upon the pathway over which we have come. But I find myself today, looking forward rather than backward. The

past has given its pleasures and much happiness. God has been good and friends have been precious. The world has been beautiful and life has had its measure of usefulness and success. But the things we treasure most are in the future. All the friends and many of the relatives of youth have gone over the river. The faculties of the body are enfeebled by the weight of years. But the future promises only good things. There the body never grows old; "the inhabitants never say, I am sick," there are no gray hairs in Heaven. It will be everlasting sunshine, eternal happiness and perfect peace.

"There everlasting spring abides, and never withering flowers,

Death, like a narrow stream divides that heavenly land from ours."

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."

I pray that God may give you the fullness of that abundant peace which passeth knowledge and keep you to the day of His coming and then give you an abundant entrance into His kingdom

I wish you a very happy anniversary day and as many more as you may be able to enjoy.

Very Cordially Yours,

(Rev. D. D.) C. V. Grismer.

Westport, N. Y., Feby. 15, 1912

Dear Sister Osgood:

Mrs Cass and myself remember that this is the anniversary of your birth and doubtless you will receive many calls and congratulatory letters. We wish we might drive out and help you celebrate but we are called elsewhere and beside I expect you will have a full day of it and will be tired enough when night comes. So we will defer our visit until another day and will content ourselves with the sending of this letter of congratulations and good wishes for to-day and the days to come.

How wonderful to have lived ninety-eight years and to have lived the ninety-eight last years. No other equal length of time has seen such advance in discovery, invention and all these things that make for man's welfare! And how the gospel has gone into the dark places of the south world bringing light and healing with it! We covet better things, yet, for him in the days to come nevertheless we may well say that these days of your life have truly been "days of the Son of Man."

And how gracious The Heavenly Father has been to give you health and strength and all the influences that have enabled you to live and labor with Him and to know for yourself the power of His Salvation. Mrs. Cass joins me in hearty congratulations that you have reached this stage in your journey toward heaven and we pray that the future days may be as bright within your heart as this is outwardly.

Our Father's richest blessings abide with you and yours is the prayer of your brother in Christ.

JAMES M. CASS

35 Pineapple St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

February 14th, 1912.

My dear Sister Osgood:

Mrs. Thompson and I wish to be among those who congratulate you upon the completion of your ninety-eighth year. If it were possible we would present our compliments in person, but this letter must bear the message. We can never forget you. We think of you often and remember with great pleasure your unfailing kindness and helpfulness while we were in Elizabethtown.

It has not been the privilege of many to remain in the flesh as long as you have done. Few have lived as truly. Nearly five score years have been yours, and their pride has not been "labor and sorrow," but labor and joy. For this unusually long period it has been given to you to manifest the presence of Christ in a human life and the power of his religion. From grace to grace have you progressed until all can see the divine glory illuminating your character.

Such lives will enrich heaven as surely as they have blessed humanity. We are selfish enough, however, to hope, and even to pray, that yours may continue where we think it is more needed, and remain for years an inspiration and a comfort to all who know you.

Very truly yours,

(Rev.) Gordon L. Thompson.

229 Godwin Street,
Paterson, N. J.

My dear Mrs. Osgood:

Once more *time* records for you another year and among your "dear ones" no one rejoices more than myself that God still spares your life which has been--and still *is* an inspiration.

Your long service for the Saviour whom you so love and trust proves the promises of our Heavenly Father when He tells us that "He will never forsake those who put their trust in Him." Surely His strength sustains us in weakness, and where He leads, we need never fear to follow; for the light of eternal day will shine upon our pathway and at "even time it shall be light" and life's shadows shall disappear like the mists of the morning. To me—Dear Mrs. Osgood has been given the *gladness* of knowing and loving you for your sweet Christian life—Your faith so steadfast—Your love so constant—Your will so submissive to the Divine will—No wonder that your children arise up and call you blessed and your many, many friends speak of you as a "true mother in Israel" who loves and serves the master. The following lines seem expressive of your life—

"A *morn* of mellow radiance
A *moon* of splendor bright
And an *eve* whose sun declineth
In a flood of chastened light."

May the bright rays of the setting sun of your true life be to us all like the lingering rays of the natural sun as it sinks behind those familiar Western Hills assuring us that (after a little darkness) we shall behold the glory of the morning, and by and by the "morning of the Resurrection" in that "Land of light and beauty"—In that city whose builder and maker is God.

"His children shall behold the Lamb who is the light thereof and the redeemed shall dwell there forever more. These are the promises of our "Heavenly Father" who is the same yesterday, and today, and forever.

May God bless—and comfort you with His abounding grace. May His banner over you be love and may "that peace which passeth understanding," dwell in your heart "till the sun goes down." May it be His will to spare your life, and increase your joy in believing in "Him who loves us with an everlasting love."

With best wishes, I am kindly yours,

Emily A. Worden.

Plattsburgh, N. Y., Feb. 14, 1912

Birthday blessings, fullest, sweetest,
Fall on thee today.
Earthly pleasure, fairest, fleetest
Will not, cannot stay.
But the true and heavenly treasure
Cannot pass away;
May its richest, grandest measure,
Gild thy natal day.

Thomas G. Thompson, Dist. Supt.

Feb. 15, 1912

Dear Mrs. Osgood:

I read in this morning's Press that to-day is your birthday and wish to express my congratulations and very best wishes. Your consistent Christian life has always been an inspiration to me.

With love,

Louise A. Perry

(The Elizabethtown Post, June 20, 1912)

Mrs. Anna (Bates) Osgood

Mrs. Anna (Bates) Osgood, widow of the late Solomon Washington Osgood, died at the old Osgood home in this town at 4 o'clock yesterday morning, in her 99th year. Anna Bates, daughter of Samuel Bates, was born Feb. 15, 1814, in Montgomery County, N. Y., and on Feb. 26, 1833, she married Solomon W. Osgood, the ceremony taking place in the town of Hammond, St. Lawrence County, N. Y. In September, 1833, she came here to reside on the Osgood farm which continued to be her home for almost 79 years. Her husband died Feb. 3, 1880. For several years Mrs. Osgood had enjoyed the distinction of being

the only surviving charter member of our local Methodist Church. A faithful, consistent Christian, a believer in the efficacy of prayer, this good lady lived to see the fruit of personal labor for Christ materialize, especially in the large family of Christians which she reared, one son the late Warren Bates Osgood becoming a Methodist minister of high standing. When Mrs. Osgood came to Elizabethtown there were only two church organizations and no church edifice here. She truly lived to see the wilderness blossom like the rose, the town to day having five churches and various up-to-date improvements which were unheard of in her early womanhood. The influence of her faithful life shed beams afar and many persons acknowledged the beginning of better things at her feet. It was our fortune to know the deceased for 40 years and during that time as she has gone in and out before us there has been no instance of an equivocating action, no departure from those restraints which characterize the purest of women. Patiently she awaited the end, with perfect calmness and resignation confronting the inevitable change, thanking God for blessings bestowed to the last. A few weeks ago, after she had entered the shadow of death with full knowledge of the approaching end of earthly things for her, the writer called to bid her the last farewell and what an impressive lesson of faith sublime she exhibited upon her death bed! Never to be forgotten scene that. Would that we might all live and die as this good woman did.

Of her large family of children she is survived by Mrs.

Jennette P. Emmes, Mrs. Gertrude A. Church, Mrs. Emma F. Wilson, Mrs. Theressa A. Carter, Starks S. and Wilbur D. Osgood.

Funeral services will be held at the house at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon.

Mother

The light of the home is mother,
The source of its fragrance and bloom
Which follow the life of another
From the cradle down to the tomb.

Our light of home has departed.
But the fragrance still lingers there,
And, though sad and broken-hearted,
It lightens the burden we bear.

As the sun at eve declining
Oft leaves the sky crimson and gold,
So follows her life through dying
A gilding we thus can behold.

Oh, Mother! my heart's fond treasure
Because of thy love so rare,
No testing of earthly pressure
Can tarnish thy memory fair.

June 22, 1912.

Communicated.

My dear Mr. Brown:

The following lines seem so fitting an expression of the life of the late Mrs. Anna Osgood that I send them to you.

Words cannot fully make us understand the inspiration of such a life as Mrs. Osgood. Its influence was silent but life long. To have heard her (as I did forty years ago) pleading with young and old to accept Christ and abide in His love was one of life's lessons never to be forgotten.

The exceeding earnestness with which she presented the Master's claim to our highest and best energies of mind and heart was so sweet and impressive that I still seem to hear the rich mellow tones of her loving voice in prayer and exhortation.

Men in the world of business life, in distant cities have told me how their lives had been influenced by Mrs. Osgood's advice to them in young manhood when "first impressions" are so lasting.

To have known Mrs. Osgood is a pleasure and privilege that we shall ever feel grateful for having enjoyed.

Her Christian life will ever remain one of those sweet memories of the past that only the ending of time can obliterate.

The measure of her life complete
Eternity will tell;
A life spent at the Master's feet
A life lived long and well
A faith that welcomed what God willed
And bade all doubts to cease—
A faith that through her life instilled
The balm of perfect peace.

Through her long, lonely pilgrimage
Her one companion dear,
The Book of Books, the sacred page
Her counsel and her cheer
When failing sight no more could read
Her well-beloved Book,
Long hours she spent repeating texts
At which she could not look.

The vows of early youth she kept
Till life's long journey o'er,
"An angel touched her, and she slept
To wake on earth no more
And on her brow serene in death
No trace of pain or care
The halo of undying faith
Had left no shadow there."

Emily A. Worden,
Lewis, New York,
June 24th, 1912.

I was deeply saddened to learn of the departure of your dear mother for the New Jerusalem. I suppose we should rather rejoice than sorrow, but when an old and honored saint leaves this world of unbelief and the Church that is so worldly, it seems an irreparable loss, not to speak of the loss to relatives.

Your mother was worth many ministers to the cause of Christ. She preached every day and was a living witness to the beauties and power of the religion of Jesus Christ. Methodism in Elizabethtown had in her a fairer jewel than ever shone in the crown of kings or queens and heaven rejoices in a new saint happily crowned. You must greatly miss her, but she is with you still in a holy inspiration.

(Rev.) A. S. Clark.

Your card reached me a few days ago telling of the departure of your mother. It could not help but fill us with sadness and yet it must have been a triumphal entrance. What a throng there must have been to greet her of those she had helped and gone on before. She certainly had been a faithful steward of the spiritual secrets of God. What benedictions she has shed along her pathway.

When I think of my own life I think what a Godsend it was that I should come in contact with her at the be-

ginning of my ministry. She revealed to me the worth of the Christian Religion as I never saw it before and of its preciousness to this earthly life.

Very Sincerely,

(Rev.) Leigh Diefendorf.

I cannot tell you how highly I regarded your mother. She was one of the most remarkable women I ever knew.

(Rev. Dr.) Henry Graham.

Many who have known Sister Osgood long and well have during her life and upon her death paid loving tribute. How gratifying must be their perusal and the memory of her long and splendid life. More fitting and valued than words of mine can be I bring, as her pastor in her last sickness, my memento in a testimony from her own lips.

I was privileged to see her only a few days before she went home. We did not talk much for she was weak in body and conversation was an effort. After so many

years of service for Christ I did want to know concerning the prospect. So, bending near I inquired: "How is your faith?" She did not understand the question so it was repeated. Immediately her face brightened as she cheerily replied: "My faith? 'On Christ the solid rock I stand.' "

(Rev.) G. H. Pettingell

Expressions of Mother in Prayer.

Thou shait call his name Jesus because he shall save his people from their sins: the doors are opened to heaven through that name.

Let the sunshine of Thy love be in our hearts.

Giye us inspiration this morning: that inspiration which is heaven born within.

Give us that living power that will move us heavenward: that indwelling Christ that lives forever.

This life is but the stepping-stone to that immortality that awaits us

Thou who has styled Thyself the strength of Israel and the hope of Israel.

Followers of Christ, way marks to eternal life.

We would that our lives might exalt Thee in praise and thanksgiving.

May it be a day which will say, Welcome in the great day.

We want to love and adore Thee for the great love which Thou has bestowed upon us. How can we know it? How can we express it until we know that heaven is ours.

We thank Thee that the way on this sinful earth is opened heavenward.

Addresses of Surviving Members of the Family.

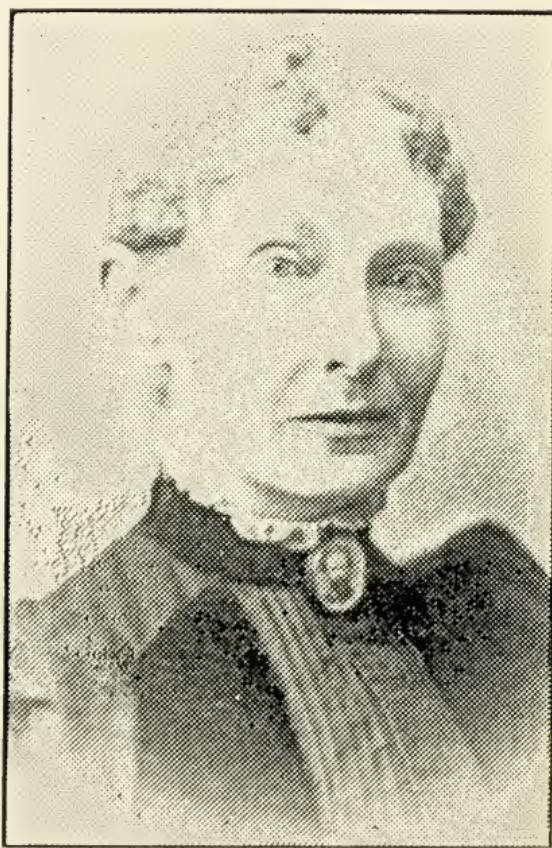
Wilbur D. Osgood and Mrs. Emma F. Wilson, Elizabethtown, New York.

Mrs. Jennette P. Emmes, 5 Smith St., Glens Falls, New York.

Mrs. Gertrude A. Church, Deerhead, New York.

Mrs. Theressa A. Carter, Mt. Rainier, Maryland.

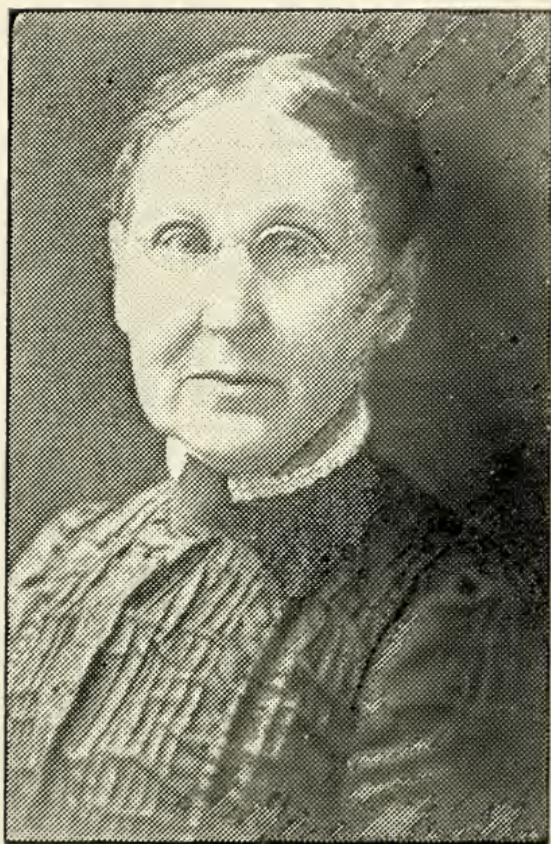
Starks S. Osgood, Gansevoort, New York.



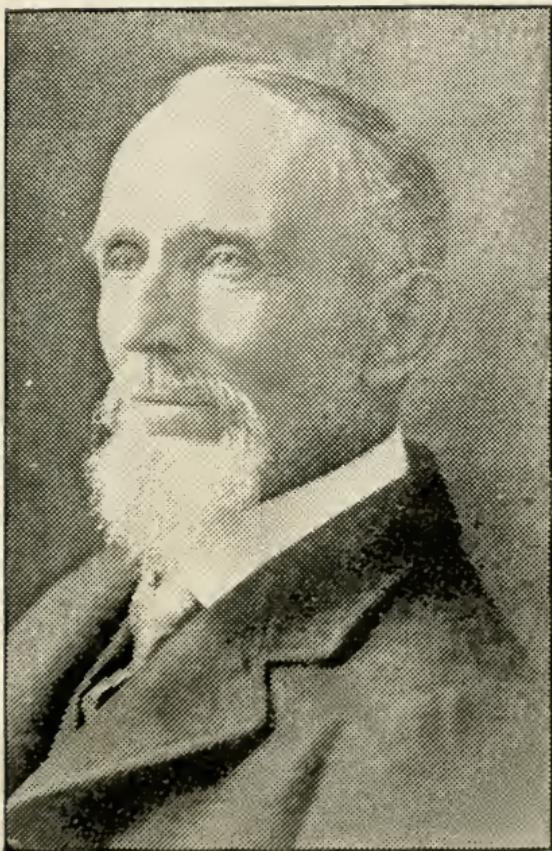
Mrs. Jennette P. Emmes



Mrs. Theressa A. Carter



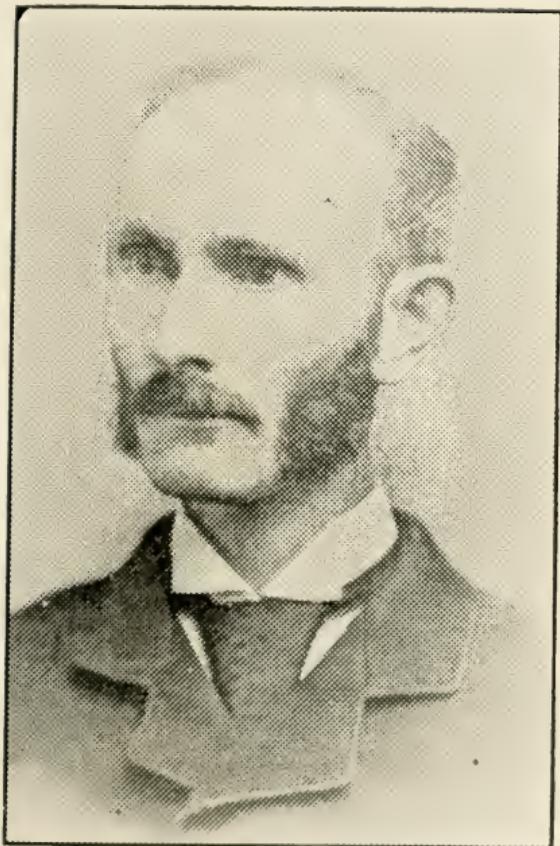
Mrs. Gertrude A. Church



Martin C. Church



Starks S. Osgood



Wilbur D. Osgood

These Lines Were Dedicated to Mother Anna Osgood of
Elizabethtown, N. Y., for Her 93d Birthday, Feb.
15, 1907, by A. S. Clark.

Our choicest greeting would we send
Dear aged mother, precious friend.
Far hast thou trod this changeful way—
Ninety and three thy years to-day.

Long sleep the loved of thy blest prime—
The friends of life's fair summer-time;
A halting pilgrim, near the gate,
Thou dost thy happy summons wait.

Full, all these years, of faithfulness,
So many thou hast lived to bless,
The light of Christian trust, so clear,
Has shown undimmed from year to year.

Ah! could all speak thy virtues rare,
What tonges would now thy worth declare?
The faithful words, the loving deeds,
The spikenard brought in sorrow's needs.

But not for earthly praise or fame;
Thy deeds were done in His dear name
Who gave His precious life for thee—
To Him let all the glory be.

'Tis not too much life's best to lay
Upon His altar day by day;
Our days be many or be few,
The whole are but the Master's due.

Still with us! We could wish thee here
Until the century so near;
But our dear Father's ways are best,
And in His will our wills would rest.

Patient and trusting to the end,
Full-robed may thy life's sun descend;
Then with the loved ones gone before
Rest with thy Lord for-evermore.

Hinesburg, Vt., Feb. 7, 1907.

Life Typified by Nature

How like is life at times to Spring
With sunny days so fair:
When birds are heard to sweetly sing,
And bloom perfumes the air

But clouds at times arising hide
The shining sun so fair,
And songs of birds cease to abide,
For gloom pervades the air.

Sometimes are cherished hopes brought low
As by the frost cut down
To lie beneath the winter's snow
No longer called our own.

Still as the clouds from sky depart;
And Spring returns again,
A Spring will cheer the broken-heart,
And summer days obtain.

For Spring awaits the winter's gloom
With birds that sweetly sing,
When barren waste again will bloom
And verdure crown the Spring.

Still strongly hope despite the gloom
Of clouds, or winter's blight,
With alternating sun and bloom,
They made to work aright.

The unprotected oak will gain
By sunshine, wind, and rain
The strength and beauty that remain
Despite the winds that reign.

And all the same is Life to gain
By sunshine, cloud, and cold
The strength and virtue that remain
The character to mold.

To God be true, He leads the way
Through changes here to endless day;
And through the portal of the tomb
To life that holds immortal bloom.

Step by Step

'Tis but the first step taken
When little Babe appears,
And life begins to waken
To what it sees and hears.

But step to step are added
In just that way each day,
For thus the life is aided
Upon its future way.

And soon by steps that're taken
The child begins to walk,
And little sides are shaken
By merry fun and talk.

'Tis only one school lesson,
'Tis only one school day,
By making a succession,
That surely leads the way.

To goal of hoped-for honor
On graduating day
When scholar comes to ponder
On steps along the way;

And when he see each lesson
Has forged a link in chain
By making that progression
To goal he would obtain.

'Tis only one step taken
As one begins to rise
To that which may awaken
The many to surprise.

But when, at last, he's mounted
The highest place of fame,
His steps can still be counted,
For one by one he came.

'Tis step by step we climb
In every age and clime,
And Nature's voices chime
By order thus of time.

'Tis one by one the hairs
Are silvered with the age
Which makes its record there
As we pass down life's stage;

Until by head that's hoary,
With weak and faltering step,
We tell to all the story
How time has never slept.

And so until immortal,
And spirit, taken flight,
Has passed beyond the portal
To realms of endless light.

True Greatness

True greatness is of humble birth
And, holding to intrinsic worth,
Will never make impressions wrong
By false display and words too strong.

'Tis not all greatness that will share
The World's applause or public's glare;
Nor are its honors always done
In strict accord with merit won.

For deeds of valor often done
The World may give the honor won;
As for the victory of war
'Tis oft one justly shines as star.

But whoso has the self-control
To spirit rule and guard his soul
Is greater than the many found
Who fight upon the battleground.

Who bravely meets all duty rife
Along the path of human life
At times has courage great to gain
Which never leaves a bloody stain.

For such no banners are unfurled;
No garlands in their path are hurled;
The World may not appreciate,
Although such lives are truly great.

'Tis often with the current strong
Of pop'lar thought one moves along,
Till rising high, the World will say,
"How great!" and honor to him pay.

But not the great this honor share
Who for the right so bravely dare
To stand alone despite the scorn
And calumny so often borne.

Ah, none are greater than the true
Who faithfully the right pursue;
And never fear because of man
To carry out a righteous plan.

'Tis not by talents—many, few,
One standard holds for greatness true;
But filling out in every sphere
One's very best without a fear.

'Tis rising up by toil and thought
Unto the higher is sought;
Making each effort to attain
A stepping-stone to higher plane.

It is the soul eternal rise
By holding on to Heaven's prize;
The ever lifting of the eyes
Upwards to mansions in the skies.

Kindness

The shadows and the showers
Upon each life will fall;
But kindness blooms as flowers
To cheer the heart of all.

The kindly word that's spoken
Will often pleasure bring
As balm to heal the broken,
And cause the heart to sing.

The word of malice spoken
Is not so small a thing
That hearts are never broken
By having felt its sting.

The power that's residing
In loving words and deeds
Is greatest that's abiding
In meeting human needs.

It proffers help that raises
The poor and fallen one;
And wins by him the praises
For blessings that are won.

It comes as cheer to gladden
The one who sits in gloom,
Dispersing clouds that sadden
By causing hope to bloom.

By kindness done or spoken
Are many records won
Still going on unbroken
In greater deeds that're done.

As starts the mighty river
From little mountain springs,
Some little acts forever
Go on in greater things,

There's kindness that may never
By any record show;
But there is one who ever
Beholds the seed we sow.

If for the cup of water
We will receive reward,
We never need to falter
Because of no regard.

And better than the training
So often by the school,
Is practice that's retaining
Through life the Golden Rule.

Home

'Tis home the word that touches
The chords of human hearts,
And wakes the sweetest music
That in the bosom starts.

'Tis home where two united
Upon a stream embark
To navigate together
Till ev'ning shades are dark.

'Tis where the Babe awakens
To first behold the light
Beneath the gaze of mother
Upon him keeping sight

'Tis where the sport and frolic
Of children's play go on
From early morn till ev'ning
And day is passed and gone.

'Tis where the scene is changing
And child in youth appears,
With strong and buoyant spirit,
Forecasting future years.

To him a vision broadens
Beyond horizon bounds
Which takes in time and kingdoms
On unexplored grounds.

'Tis home the power shaping
The destiny of man;
A radiating center
Which none can ever scan.

'Tis 'round the home that cluster
The memories so sweet,
Where thoughts so often wander
Till childhood scenes we meet.

We love the place for freedom
We never find elsewhere;
For what the home environs
Will breath the native air.

And there by scenes too sacred
To meet the public gaze,
The love of home is nurtured,
And love will speak its praise.

But like a plant which withers
If touch'd by poison air,
The touch of any evil
Despoils the home that's fair.

No beautiful adorning
 Of rarest skill or art
Can make up for the graces
 That peace and love impart.

Where Christian love and training
 Develop moral worth,
The home is nearest Heaven
 Of any place on earth.

Friendship

O fairest flower of human hearts
 Which grows on human soil
To bloom amid palatial wealth
 And poverty and toil!

Upon Thy age no years can tell,
 For youth can ne'er depart
From friendship's bloom within the soul
 To cheer the human heart.

We prize in thee the loving friend
Who will our steps attend;
And where the way so rugged seems,
The helping hand extend.

We prize the mission friendship holds
As one that gives to share
Its cheer to brighten other lives,
And burdens help to bear.

And, in return, to reap the same
As that for other sown;
To find by giving it receives
And life has broader grown.

We prize the scepter that it holds
Of free volition powers,
For surely as good will obtains,
It sways these hearts of ours.

"Tis thus by kindly word it drops
Along with grasp of hand,
We feel its power to bind our hearts
As with a golden band.

A warmth it kindles that begun
Has never cause to cool
If nothing fails of being done
To keep the Golden Rule.

And greater value thus obtains
Than they may comprehend
Who never in the time of need
Upon a friend depend.

But quite as true in broader ways
We scarcely comprehend
How much that works for good of man
On friendship must depend.

'Tis from it flows beneficence
That's dotting all the land
With institutions that arise
To lend the helping hand.

It strengthens patriotic zeal
Upon the battlefield
To suffer and, if need be, die
For those it seeks to shield.

it forms the union that unites
The forces which obtain;
And surely as it gives away,
Destructive forces gain.

Its value holds in every sphere
Where virtue has obtained;
But fails alike in every sphere
By virtue not sustained.

'Tis thus its excellence obtains
By character alone;
And short of that no merit has
It worthily can own.

True friendship is the brightest gem
That decks the human race;
And ne'er in earthly diadem
Was one of fairer grace.

The Mountains

The sweep of passing centuries
Has, with a gentle touch,
To ruin brought the works of man
Obliterating such.

Till cities great as Babylon
In dust are passed away
To only fragments that remain
As evidence to-day.

But mighty strength enduring crowns
The mountains standing fast
Despite the ravages of time
Through all the ages past.

In everlasting strength they stand
To tow'ring heights sublime;
And never ceasing vigils keep
Until the end of time.

They witness'd scenes of ages past
Of which no tongue has told,
No pen described, nor eye has seen,
And man will ne'er behold.

They hold to grandeur never known
Till from high rocky steeps
The vision falls from heights so great
And o'er landscape sweeps.

And vainly may we sigh for skill
To reproduce a scene
Surpassing that of rarest art
Upon the canvas seen.

Sublime is majesty that's stood
Through all the ages past.
And still can scorn the tempest's rage,
And mock the lightning's blast

Born of omnipotence, its birth
Was in the Word begun
Which spoke created worlds from naught
Ere morning stars had sung.

The Brook And Life

The running brook has merry sounds,
 Of rumble, dash and fall,
To sound the joy that abounds
 At times in heart of all.

Again, we hear its plaintive strain
 Like that of human soul
Made sweeter by the touch of pain
 Beyond the heart's control.

At times its waters gently run
 Along the verdant vale
Where flowers bloom to shining sun.
 And summer charms prevail

But barren waste is sometimes where
 The current leads to run;
And Winter breathes upon the air
 And lo! His work is done.

But after Winter follows Spring,
With bud and verdure green,
When on its way the brook will sing
And shout the joyful scene.

Through scenes like these the current runs
Which bears us far away,
Beyond all rising setting suns,
To an eternal day.

"Thy Will Be Done"

'Tis not on battlefield alone
That conquerors are found;
For battles great are fought and won
With never smoke nor sound.

And though the world its honor pays
To warrior that has won,
He conquers more who truly prays,
"Thy will, not mine, be done".

'Tis greater victory he wins,
For self he o'ercomes;
Although he may a beggar be
Desiring rich man's crumbs.

"Thy will be done"—no height nor depth
Can with these words compare
Which comprehend all God demands
In Heaven, earth and air.

From all mankind beneath the sun
To all at God's right hand,
From each and all, "Thy will be done"
But answers His demand

But how to one who thus will pray
A test at once begins
By shattered hopes and man's reproach,
And luring world of sins.

But Christ vouchsafes to him the grace
By which is triumph won
Who from his heart but breathes the prayer,
"Thy will, not mine be done."

For him to live is Christ indeed,
For self is crucified,
And Christ upon the heart enthroned
Is loved and glorified.

For him awaits the City fair
With widely open'd gates;
For Christ has made of him an heir
And there his coming waits.



